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Alfred F. Horrigan, Editor

Dominic Pallone, Business Mgr.

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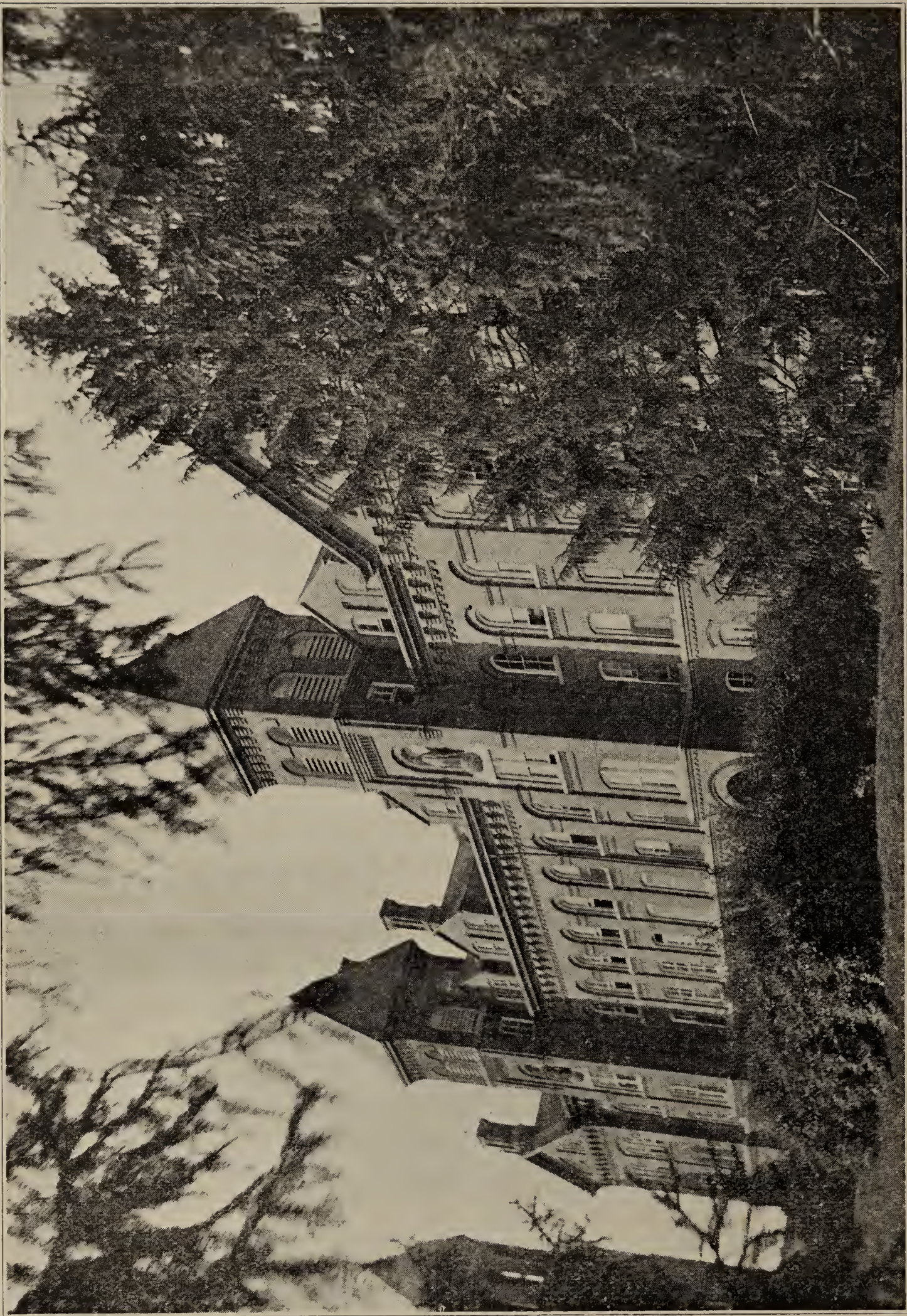
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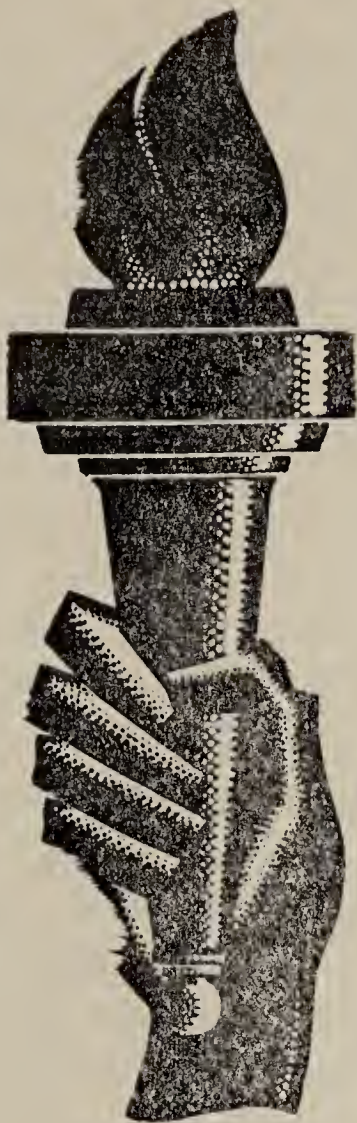
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My Open Ambition

Alfred F. Horrigan '34

I shall always remember that I was profoundly astonished when first I encountered a person who was determined to acquire an education. The sheer marvel of the thing so overcame me that in utter excitement I forgot to inquire about the name of that imposing individual. I now wish I had his name. In all the "Who's Who" volumes, I would design a place for him. My thrilling experience relative to this matter was repeated with persons in later years, but never again up to the measure of the first astonishment that assailed me. Little wonder that the impression which I received at the time remained undiminished in surprise and glamor.

Gradually, I, too, wanted an education; the idea became an obsession with me. Could anything add a greater glory to life than an education? I became ambitious, as people always do when an idea carries them away. My ambition prodded me into searching into the meaning of this wonderful thing called an education. A brilliant looking volume entitled "Philosophy of Education" took my fancy, for surely it would tell, and it did tell, a great deal about the subject that fascinated me. Having finished reading this interesting book, I found one particular piece of information sticking in my mind that gave me no rest until it should be

thoroughly grasped. The author had said something about "adjusting of the mind to the five sources of our common social inheritance." I then sought out these "five sources" and also sought by reading more and more extensively about scholastic practice as to how this adjustment is carried out in institutions of learning.

Now, the more I read, the more enthusiastic I grew, but the more reticent I also grew in the feeling of another kind of astonishment that harassed me. Plainly, do practice and theory in education harmonize? The "five sources of our common social inheritance" as given in the volume I read, and as I found them given in similar volumes are: religion, literature, art, science, and civilized institutions. From the denotation of the names used, one may judge that the first three deal with intellect and feeling, and the last two with the plain matter-of-fact knowledge of things. Now, here is where my peculiar astonishment found its footing when I began to pry into educative practice. Is it not mostly maintained that education means refinement, or shall I venture to say culture? Clearly enough, I hate to use that mysterious word, culture. In my readings, I found that nine out of ten supposedly educated people are set to quarreling about the meaning of that word everytime they hear it used. One particular author, whose work on education I have in my possession, puts so many meanings

to that word that after reading and re-reading what he has to say about it, the result was "hepatoco-lang-ge-i-o-anterostromy" as far as understanding him is concerned. But for all that, the word has something to do with the training of feelings and emotions, and this is the point which I want to score.

Certainly, it is an easy matter to train a pupil in knowledge, at least it is comparatively easy. But to train a pupil's feelings, namely, his attitude toward things; to train him in emotional control to make him tactful in his dealings with his fellowmen, that is altogether a more difficult undertaking. So, in general, writers on education indicate in their works. But in spite of difficulties, is it not a most important matter? Is it not more important to be able to pry into the feelings of others than to be able to pry into their knowledge? Is not a friendly explanation of things more convincing to most people than tons of argument? Hoary old Omar Khayyam has this to say about argument:

"Myself when young did eagerly
frequent
Doctor and Saint and heard great
argument
About it and about; but evermore
Came out by the same Door as in
I went."

The words of this old poet are pertinent insofar as they illustrate the usual result of a display of an overdose of knowledge devoid of

feeling and tact. Naturally it is not my intention to depreciate knowledge of any kind, but what I deplore is the stress put upon bare knowledge in the educative practice generally, as I learn from writers in the field of education, and the comparative neglect of those subjects that make for personal refinement.

Should it not be a very definite purpose in the process of education to prepare students, pupils, or whatever else they may be called, to take a given place in society successfully? Then, why should not cultural interest hold a proper share, even a full half share, in school training? Plainly, it is a sad truth that most present-day college graduates, as educational authorities admit, not only lack a satisfactory store of knowledge, but are also badly wanting—and that is the worst of it—in genuine cultural interests. Of the arts, they have but a hazy notion and of literature, one of the most ennobling among these, their notion is quite foggy, and of religion, their notion is usually as bleak as a wintry sky. This condition of affairs in the domain of education is the cause of the second astonishment that I experienced.

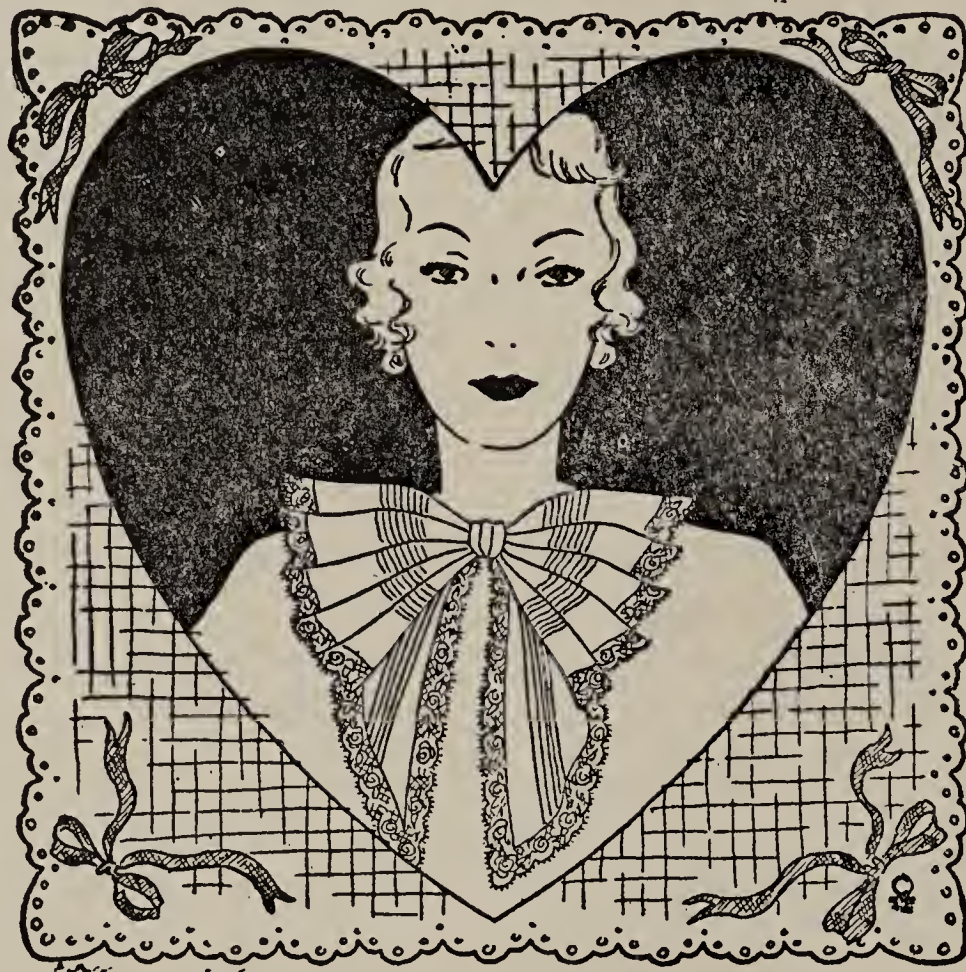
Now, what I want is an education for myself and for all others who have the same purpose in mind that will fit me and them for a given place in society. I want plain knowledge to have its share in it, but I want cultural interests to have their share likewise and that very

definitely so. That schools should follow the line of least resistance in matters of education by over-emphasizing the knowledge of the "head" in comparison with that of the "heart" is plainly a practice that is outrageous to my way of thinking. That this unbalanced method is followed out in schools at present, at least very largely so, is stated over and over by writers who are recognized as authorities in the matter of education. Very generally these writers lament that in the modern system of schooling, intellect is developed at the expense of imagination, and memory at the expense of feeling. From what source then is the student to get that fire which will make him visualize; that stimulus which will make him aggressive? Is he to get it from Greek-letter societies? From commercialized textbooks? From this variety of books, in particular, that talk about things and authors without producing any direct contact with the sources of inspiration themselves? He can get it, only and alone, by being placed in direct contact with the sources of inspiration themselves. Fortunately this important fact is being recognized in a measure on the part of schools, and with this end in view, evermore direct contact with the great minds in the literary field is being established by bringing their works into the hands of students in exchange for texts that supplied only an indirect approach to the minds that have been singled out by time as

the fountainheads of inspiration.

That movement toward instruction in art should become more and more general in the educational system is my ardent wish. That purely intellectual pursuits should have their place in all curricula; who would question that? But I shall leave all caviling and questioning

aside. What I want for myself and for others who desire to be educated is that the educational policy shall give such consideration to the training of feelings and emotions as will fit me and them for a given place in society. This, in short, is my open ambition.



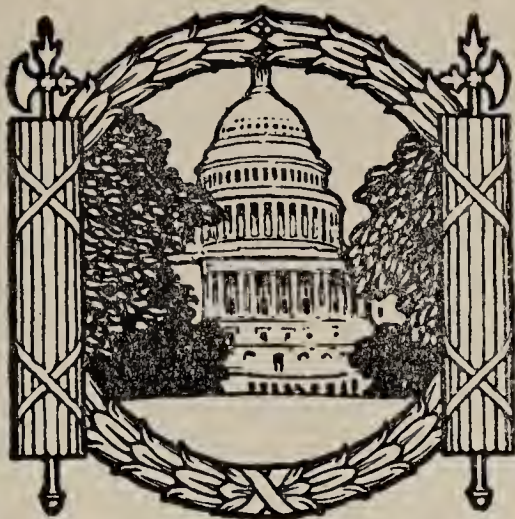
A Dream

Robert Kelly '34

Last night as I was dreaming, dear,
I saw your face so fair,
I thought I saw the sunset's gold
Reflected in your hair.

Your eyes were gleaming; there I saw
The softest tints of blue,
As if an angel dipped his brush
Within the sky's rich hue.

Alas for dreams that vanish when
The dawn comes cold and gray
Through windows like a thief to steal
Celestial dreams away.



A Lady In Washington

Eddie Williams '34

ME and Marie are dancin' to one of Wayne King's waltzes in the Aragon. We've been comin' here pretty often lately. The reportin' business is warmin' right up to me these days, and I've been spendin' the dough just like Midge and me used to blow it in St. Louie. Marie says I ain't the same, though, since Midge got plugged. Says I've settled down some. I guess maybe I have. I got hit kinda' hard when Midge got bumped. He was a pal.

Well, anyway me and Marie are dancin', and Wayne King is playin' for us. I'm sayin' a lot o' swell things to her—she's lookin' prettier than ever tonight—and she looks up at me with those blue eyes of hers with the brown spots in 'em:—she seems happy.

Finally the music stops, and we sit down at a table for a little refreshment. At the next table behind me a tall blonde and a taller mustached man sit down. Marie touches my hand and lowers her voice. "See that woman, Eddie?" she asks. "She's Benita Wilfred,

the English society leader, traveling in this country."

"She doesn't mean nothin' to me," I answer. "She couldn't hold an electric light to you."

"An electric light—?"

"I mean a candle."

Marie laughs. "You're sweet," she says. "But everybody is interested in Benita Wilfred. The newspapers have filled society columns with her pictures ever since she landed in New York a month ago."

"Too tall to suit me," I come back, and we drop her. I mean the subject. But Benita Wilfred ain't the kind that'll stay dropped long. Pretty soon, when me and Marie are keepin' quiet for a change, I perk my ears. Benita and the duke-ish lookin' guy with her are havin' a conversation that don't look like it's supposed to include anybody else. They don't know it, but somehow I can hear every word they're sayin'. Must be the acoustics, or whatever you call it.

"Gerald," Benita is sayin', "I'm going to start tomorrow. I've dal-

lied long enough." I wish she wouldn't talk that high-toned English lingo. It always reminds me of butlers—"I think I've impressed everybody that I'm over here on a pleasure trip. Now I'll get down to work, my dear.—'Get goin',' as one says over here."

The "Duke" brushes his nose with his mustache for a minute, like he's thinkin', then he says, "Very well, my dear, if you think so. Shall you go back tomorrow?"

"Back where?"

"To New York?"

"No, no. Tomorrow I leave for New Jersey. From there I go directly to Washington. I shall report to Longsdale by cable from there."

"It is a tedious affair, Benita. I trust you will be careful."

By this time I'm turned around half way in my seat lookin' at the two and wonderin' what it's all about. Suddenly the dame turns around and gives me a look that's burnin' enough to start a fire, and I fold up.

"Did you hear what they were sayin'?" I ask Marie.

"Every word," says Marie.

"That Wilfred dame ain't what she's cracked up to be," I tell her. "Goin' to Washington on business, huh? What's tedious mean?"

"I think it means dangerous the way he said it," Marie answers.

Pretty soon Benita and the "Duke" get up and leave.

Four days later I find myself in Washington. I guess my boss back

at the Tribune office thinks I got bumped off by some thug, because I didn't tell him a thing when I left. Marie's the only one that knows where I'm at, and even I don't know exactly why I'm here. It must be that reportin' is gettin' in my veins. Every time I think of Benita Wilfred I think of a good story. I believe somethin's in the air. I might not be such a hot writer, but if there's any dope to get, I'm the guy to get it. And Benita Wilfred looks like dope to me.

All I've got to do to find out where she's stayin' is to look at a Washington newspaper. But it sure takes some talkin' for a guy like me to get bunked in the Mayflower hotel. After about a half-hour's argument I finally get me a room, and then I start lookin' around. I don't find out a thing—all afternoon. Then in the evenin' I spot the Wilfred dame goin' to dinner. Right away I grab a table next to hers and sit in a position so she can't see me. A waiter comes around, looks a little tough at me, like all the waiters do in these ritzy hotels when they see some guy that don't look like a millionaire or a senator. But I put on the high-toned appearance, stick up my nose at him and order about all he's got except the things with the French names, 'cause I can't say 'em. After that, when the waiter leaves, I sit back and watch.

It ain't very long before an old guy with a tux on and a pair of specs with a gold chain comes in

and sits down by the Wilfred dame. He looks around, sees me, and then moves his hand in a way that I know means, "be quiet." The blonde takes his cue without lookin' around. Pretty soon they lean over the table at each other and talk almost in whispers. Once in awhile I catch a word like "V something" or "power" or "engine" usually with "new" before it. The old man is bald headed and is dressed like a business man, but I can tell he's as English as the Prince of Wales. I like that: more dope, maybe.

The waiter brings me my feed with an expression on his face like he wished he had a truck. I feel kinda ashamed of myself for gettin' so much, but I get hungry when I get on the trail of somethin'. From me, the waiter goes to the Wilfred dame and the Englishman, and takes their orders. I start eatin', still with one ear cocked.

Right in the middle of the soup, I hear the word "airplane" and almost jump out of my seat. That's the ray of light in the dark. I might be pretty dumb when it comes to writin', but I always could work puzzles. And this puzzle of Benita Wilfred has got three key words: foreign, airplane, cable. "Airplane": now I've got the idea. And from now on Benita Wilfred is in a tedious spot, I tell myself.

I can't even eat the rest of the meal. I'm thinkin' too hard. At the same time I must be keepin' up a pretty good act of not bein' interested, 'cause the bald-headed

guy looks at me now and then, and goes right on talkin'. Before the waiter comes back to her, Benita reaches into a little purse, extracts a sheet of paper and lays it on the table. Smilin', the little man looks it over. The smile turns into a grin, an' he forgets himself. "Splendid, my dear," he says out loud. "Cable it tonight in code. You have done fine work."

Just then the waiter returns. Benita lays the paper beside her arm on the table, blank side up, as if it wasn't anythin' to be hid. Then I start havin' fun. I always did have good lungs ever since I was a baby, so it don't take much for me to blow the paper off Benita's table. It circles around and lands right in back of the waiter who stoops for it. But I beat him to it. After I've got my hand on it, I pick it up kinda' slow; like it don't mean much—drop a ten dollar bill on my table and walk out of the dining room. The waiter acts like he's gonna' stop me, but I hear Benita hiss at him. She don't want no hullabaloo raised, if she knows what she's doin'. She gets up and starts after me slow enough that she won't catch up too quick. The little Englishman follows her.

I get through the lobby and to the street. I hail a taxi from the sidewalk. It drives up to the curb; the driver opens the door. Suddenly I feel a gun poked in my back. I turn around and see Benita. In her hand is a rod, so little her fingers almost cover it, but a nasty

lookin' thing at that. "I beg your pardon," she hisses in an icy tone, "But I must have that paper. Give it to me."

I laugh at her. "No use shootin' me here," I say. "Too many people. You can't get away with it. There goes a cop, too. Suppose we get in the taxi and talk it over."

"Get in," says Benita.

The taxi starts off with us in the back seat. But before the cab is in high, things are kinda' changed around. I'm holdin' the little automatic and Benita has got her arms up in the air. I'm pretty good at takin' guns away from people. Me and Midge used to practice a lot down in St. Louie, till we got to know all the tricks about it. "You know, Benita," I say to her, "when you want to hold a guy up, never shove the gat in his ribs. All he's gotta' do is turn quick, and you're off balance, see."

"Dog," she hisses. "Give me that paper."

"Wait till I read it. Driver, go back to the Mayflower in five minutes; and in case there's another taxi followin', shake him off."

I think maybe that the little guy with the bald head might try to follow us.

I turn on the light in the cab; raise the paper so I can see it and Benita at the same time, and read it. There's a lot on it that I can't savvy. A long part about X's and V's and big words, but what I do get out of it tells me all I want to know. "Latest development in war

planes is a new super-charger enabling plane to rise 14,000 ft. U. S. building more and more. Wind resistance decreased 10 per cent by ———— etc." All that's plain to me. And the whole thing is a report to Gerald Lockway (that must be the guy I saw at the Aragon) and signed by Benita Wilfred. I fold the paper up and put it in my coat pocket.

"Do you know all this by heart, Miss Wilfred?"

"No," she says.

"Well, I don't guess England will get any cablegrams tonight; and Duke Gerald will miss his report tomorrow. He told you it was tedious—and that means 'dangerous.' Remember?"

Benita's mouth goes open. "Who are you?" she says.

"General Pershing," I comes back, and then the cab stops at the Mayflower. "Well, you're back home, Benita," I tell her. "You can get out now. And you might as well grab a boat to England tomorrow, because when I'm not Pershing, I'm a newspaper reporter."

For a minute I think she's goin' to fly at my throat. The tiger gets in her eyes, she starts breathin' fast and drawin' herself up, but I raise little Mary Ann, look hard at her, and she slowly backs out of the cab.

"To the White House," I snap at the driver, and look back and see Benita standin' on the sidewalk.

I figure there ain't a single other person to show this paper to

but the President. It's kinda' late to be goin' to the White House but I've gotta telephone the Tribune office in time to get the scoop in the morning papers, and it's no harder to get in the White House at night than at any other time.

The taxi stops, and a minute later I find myself on the portico of the White House, sayin' to myself "Now, let 'em try to stop me. After a while, though, I'm not so confident. Pretty soon I'm blue in the face from explainin' why I want to see the President. There are secretaries and under-secretaries, officials and unofficials. "I've got a paper to give to him," I tell 'em, "It's about an international spy. I'm not sure about the last, but I think that's what they call people like the Wilfred skirt.

Then they want me to give it to them, but I won't do that. I don't fool with secretaries. I go after big guys. Bein' a reporter helps me a little bit, but still I don't seem to make any headway. The White House is a swell place to be in, though, even if you do have to give your life's history. Finally, I'm about ready to give up, when all of a sudden I find myself lookin' right at the President himself.

He's sittin' at a desk lookin' at me. For a minute I'm kinda' dazed. I can't think of a thing to say. I felt a lot more comfortable standin' in front of Petrolle's gun lookin' death in the eye, than I do now. I can see the President's lips move; from somewhere, way in the distance, a voice is askin' me for the paper. Mechanically I pull it out of my pocket, and give it to him.

Then my tongue gets loose.

"Mr. President," I stammer. "Benita Wilfred is an English spy. I found that paper tonight. She was going to cable it to England."

The President is readin' like he don't even hear me.

I start out again, "Benita Wilfred is an international spy (I have an awful time with that word 'spy'.")

"Yes, I know," says the President.

That knocks me for a minute.

"You know?"

"Oh, yes. Those cablegrams she's been sending never left the United States. That's what we have the secret service for."

"Oh," is all I can get out. Feelin' pretty cheap I start to leave.

"Wait a minute, though," says the President.

I stop. The President goes on



"Benita Wilfred"

like he's talkin' to himself:

"This is one thing Benita Wilfred was not supposed to learn. She has the patent of Wendel's latest invention, which was kept under strict guard. H-m-m, she's learning too much. I think Benita Wilfred will be politely asked to leave the country."

"Yes sir," I butt in. "I've already told her to."

The President smiles.

"Mr. —ah—Williams, he says 'I'm glad you brought me this.

Thank you. Newspaper men are usually hard to handle, but sometimes they're a big help."

The President is a swell guy.

Forty-five minutes later, I've got the office on the phone. "Yeh!" I yell. "Benita Wilfred is a spy. How do I know! The President said so. Yeh!"

Five minutes later I'm talkin' to Marie. "Tricked her, sweetheart. How do I know she's a spy? Me and the President figured it out."

Twilight Reverie

W. Higgins '35

A film of pleasant thought, in twilight haze,
On the screen of my mind
Limned what I find
To be a sketch of former gladsome days
Whose sunny skies were more than dazzling bright,
But now with gloom and fog are covered o'er,
For the lights, growing dim,
Break on the rim
Of Memory's golden frame. A frosty night;
(That it was such I ween)
Broke on the scene
To tell me that my summer days are gone
And that my gay green leaves of youth now lie
On Autumn's dank and cheerless floor. But I
Shall stave off the sorrow
Until tomorrow
Though winds may sharply blow and rains may pour.
If roofless now I stand
Reft of the band
That linked me with the happy company
Which sat with me at board and fireside,
All this shall not make me repine. For I
Shall have courage ever,
Come whatever
My dole in life may have in store for me.



My School Was Different

Urban Hoying '35

RECENTLY I had occasion to read several magazine articles that were nothing less than a thundering cataract of praise for the methods of teaching as prevailing in primary schools in these ultra-modern times. Like all things modern, from the latest fashions hailing from Paris down to a curiously new notion on Bolshevik government, the ideas presented in the respective magazine

articles marched into view with all I shall give my notions about the the brass and blare that seemingly are always necessary to overcome possible opposition. But nothing daunted by all the fanfare and noise, matter, even if they, one and all, stand in opposition to the ideas held by ultra-moderns in this particular field of education. Naturally, I am encouraged to do so because I am

not standing alone in this fray of opinions, but Old Man Depression is giving me the wink that indicates a readiness to render assistance.

That the present depression and the consequent tightening of purse strings has accomplished much good in educational affairs is evident above question. That more good for what may be termed solid education will be forthcoming, time will demonstrate. Limited funds at present are fast bringing back the rule of common sense in educational practices, for they are making it impossible for schools to indulge in a riot of supposedly necessary equipment and over-inflated curricula that were keeping the minds of pupils in a daze instead of breaking the bread of mental life for them. Even so-called progressive schools under the aegis of these hard times will discover that they have more time for dusty old John Milton and philosophic old William Shakespeare, as well as for many other brilliant old writers, all but forgotten, now that the buzz of the mills of busy days has been silenced; thus giving educators a chance to listen to the voice of true needs as coming from the pupils.

When in up-to-date schools it is supposed that by means of project methods, strictly followed, children will learn to work collectively, unselfishly, and for the good of the group, a singularly wrong idea, wrong to the point of being funny has gained the upper hand. In the

system of government like the one under which we live, competition and individual initiative are the guiding stars for every one who wishes to become a full-fledged member of society, and it need not be supposed that any one will be content merely to plod along as a figurehead at this or that task in which he accidentally found himself involved while at school with the faint hope that on some future day he will hit upon a hobby that will provide a chance for self-expression. Plainly, things don't work that way, for, whether a child belongs to a poor or a wealthy family, he will in later life go to work at a job for profit and not for pleasure and will have little occasion to consult his personal desires in the matter. What he will have to consult is when and how to stand on his own feet. It is folly then to fill the minds of young people with the absurd idea that life in general is a little project in which each and every person shall have a part only for the fun of co-operating with his fellowmen quite as he does when he helps to build a chicken coop on the school grounds.

Above all, a school of the modern type considers itself to be progressive if it will not rest with allowing its pupils merely to read the story of Columbus and search out his route on a map, but will in addition demand hand work. This hand work consists in making clay models of Columbus' home, of his visit to the king and queen of Spain, of his three ships, and of his landing

in America. The result is that after weeks of labor there is at hand only a messy confusion of details in which men are larger than houses; ships larger than the seas on which they sail, and king and queen looking grotesque like pawns on a chess-board rather than like dignified personages. Out of this crude, indistinguishable mass of rubbish pupils are to learn something about this great dramatic event in history. Is there any wonder that they learn nothing? They have simply been too busy to learn; but I suppose they have "expressed themselves." Surely it must also be for the purpose of "expressing themselves" that children in the north-temperate zone are put to learning how to make artificial snow. Oh, yes, they must build Eskimo villages from white rubber balls cut in halves to represent igloos and scatter a little cotton batting and glass wool among these toy shacks to simulate snow. It is evidently feared that when children grow up they will never be able to perform this little stunt under the guidance of mature sense. And what if they do not! What they surely will not learn of their own accord in later life is correct grammar, correct spelling, and correct figuring. But these things are so dreary and ugly; why bother about them?

Since brain work is always akin to boredom, schools have found it more pleasant to teach the children how to use their hands rather than their brains. A child naturally pre-

fers manual work to mental work. There is no longer any reason for the dullard who hates mental strain to be ashamed of himself; he is no longer miserable in school; it is for his sake that the age-old curriculum, based on common sense and mental effort, has been turned topsy-turvy. Why should he trouble about intellectual ambition? To the dogs with that ambition! He is happy without it—why not? But what about those bright-eyed brilliant children, tense little things who in arithmetic class clamor, "Give me a hard one, give me one Johnny cannot get?" They find joy in headwork; they are impatient with their teachers who set them to building flimsy bird houses and crocheting handbags. For them these employments are a boredom. But the modern school must be made attractive to the sluggard; hence the mentally alert child must submit to being bored.

Progressives in education at the present are said to pride themselves on the notion that there is no such word as failure in the lives of school children. They claim to know how to recast the child's entire nature. That the child ought and must be promoted, not on its accomplishments, but upon its potentialities, is their favorite doctrine. They never compare "Johnny's good; Freddie's better; Mary's best—oh, no."

All papers which the teachers receive are splendid. Criticism is unnecessary; therefore praise is always in order. What has raw crit-

icism to do with education anyway? Is there anything in learning by making mistakes?

The little victims of the all approval-and-no-disapproval system will in coming days find life infinitely more tough than those of us found it who came through school with a sufficiently strong dose of criticism to make us sensitive to shortcomings. Continuous expression of satisfaction on the part of teachers in the face of the poorest and most careless tasks of pupils is one of the chief faults in any educative process. Even the child itself will soon come to feel that there is something wrong, or in time it will be reminded by others to that effect. The grandmother of a ten-year-old child, criticising the child's written work and finding it invariably marked "Good," said one day, "If your teacher thinks that this work is good, Jean, she doesn't know what she's talking about. You drop in after school and let grandma show you how to write." Jean did so, and under the old-fashioned guidance and direction, she very soon learned how to write well. She, moreover, respects her grandmother's honesty and simply terms the teacher "goofy." That grandmothers in many cases are excellent teachers is a fact which teachers in schools may as well take into the reckoning. If anybody is to be feared by a slovenly teacher it is surely a grandmother. The Russian writer, Pushkin, would never have achieved fame had it not been that his grandmother played

literary and educational nurse to him. His teachers proved to be failures in his regard. The same may be said concerning "The Wizard of the North," Sir Walter Scott. Other instances of a similar kind can be uncovered in any brief literary survey. Plainly, if the teacher will not honestly criticise the child's work, the teacher's work will be criticised by others, and that, too, without mercy.

Another practice that has come into prominence through the endeavors of supposedly advanced educators is the teaching by examples. Surely examples are worth much; they visualize matters. But they must not be of a freakish kind. In certain respects objective education has been carried to such limits that the child is outrightly defrauded of his valuable school time. How, for instance, will a child learn what a noun or verb means by playing with doll babies, dishes, flowers, and the like? Surely not any more than a high-school pupil will learn geometry by merely visiting coal mines and building toy Noah's arks. In both cases ignorance of fundamentals will be the only result. That such a result has already made itself felt may be gleaned readily from books and magazines in which educated people voice a ceaseless complaint that among five dozen young men and young women, taken at random, hardly one knows if the name he or she bears is a proper noun or a gerundive. I remember reading of an instance referring to

a high school superintendent who himself boasted before pupils that he did not know the difference between a gerund and a gerundive. Immediately I began to wonder if that superintendent did not have serious doubts whether his own name was or was not a proper noun.

Something like a year ago, in one of the grade schools located in a large city the pupils were set to giving a series of tableaux exhibitions representing Greek goddesses. As for my part, I feel sure that I know more about the Greek goddesses after reading about them in a handy mythology than any of these children have learned from those tableaux. Even if they did learn a little, at that, the process was expensive and troublesome. Similarly attempts have been made to dramatize French and Latin verbs and adjectives and the theorems of geometry, as well as sounds in words in which case one child stands for the "ough," another is "double 'p'," another "cid." All through, this is a waste of time and downright nonsense. It surely means to make play of everything; young people

are taught to play themselves to death, at least to mental death. Real learning has its bitter pills, and bitter as they are, they must be swallowed if education means anything.

Schools would do well throughout the entire range of education, to abandon the thankless attempt at trying to make the dish of culture attractive to those for whom it is, and always will be, unpalatable. Here as elsewhere, the sheep must be separated from the goats. He who is born to use hands and legs, let him learn how to use them; he who is born to use his mind, let him be trained how to use that, and the mental dullard should not be allowed to hold him back. Success is what we are looking for in schools, and that means nothing short of sound mental training. The devices invented to aid the sluggard are of little value for the mentally alert. I am glad that in the school which I attended there were no such devices, and that in comparison with modern schools I can joyfully say that "My School Was Different."





To a Lily

J. A. Jacobs '34

O Lily, whence that perfume rare
Which floods the air
About thee with a fragrance that compels
Devotion to thee as a sign of purity?
Thy stately stem of leafy green,
Like to a queen
In youth, may well compare thy stately lot
To stand in whitest robes with glory-circled crown.
But is, what's prized in thee, a crown;
A greening stem;
Or petals, that in whiteness, innocence
Outshine? These are thy gifts from God's own lavish hand.
'Tis what these gifts portray in thee
That we most prize
For by these gifts thou art ordained to be
A priestess offering incense sweet to God most high.
For this great duty given you
We sing thy praise
And choose thee as an emblem for our souls
Which like to thee before our God should spotless be.
'Mong flowers; hence a place is thine
Which time and tide
Will try in vain to rob with ruthless hand,
Since that which in thee shines has come from grace divine.



An Adventure In Kindness

Bernard Mores '35

FIDGETING a blank sheet of foolscap paper between his fingers, Peter Richardson sat at his desk in the office of the American Rubber Company and stared absent-mindedly into space. Near him, but at their own desks, sat his two partners in the Company, Rennie Dykes and John Leavesworth. All three were on edge; something had happened. Who of the three could be at fault that a large sum of money was missing? Had they not formed a partnership with the utmost confidence in one another, a confidence born of long association that reached back into college years? They had always trusted one another and now sorely hated to yield to any suspicion of mistrust no matter how cogent the reasons might be for doing so. But whether they liked it or not, the suspicion in regard to one another forced itself upon them because there was something radically wrong. One of the three must be

guilty; the situation as it stood precluded all interference from an outside hand. The prevailing silence grew ever more intense as the feeling of embarrassment among the three mounted higher and higher.

To break the deadlock that was verging upon the melodramatic, John Leavesworth rose, glided quietly to the door, locked it. Then throwing the key on his own desk, he began to speak in a broken, husky voice like one out of breath:

"When we three set up the American Rubber Company, we did so with the understanding that it should be a general partnership. Severally, we provided equal shares to secure the first hundred thousand dollars necessary to open business. Our enterprise has prospered; we found it feasible to expand our undertaking. To this end another hundred thousand in cash had to appear. By almost shameless borrowing the required amount came

to hand. In plain, cold cash, the entire sum went into the office safe. Nobody, outside ourselves, knows the combination to the safe. Hence one of us is a thief—a thief among friends. I am not speaking to exonerate myself; what I want, and what you want is that the law shall have its course. Perhaps it will suit us all better if I say that none of us will leave this office until one or the other makes a clean breast of the matter.”

At the last words spoken by John Leavesworth, one of his partners in the business, Peter Richardson, lurched from his seat to the desk where the key lay, grabbed it and made for the door.

“Ha, Richardson, are you the culprit?” queried Leavesworth sardonically. “No use in twisting that key,” he continued, “it will not work; it’s the wrong one.”

Peter Richardson now shuffled over to a sofa and sat down dejectedly, cupping his head in his hands. The other two conferred in an undertone, all the while gesticulating seriously and occasionally giving Richardson a leering glance. Presently Leavesworth strode over to a window and peered down at the blinking lights twenty stories below. For a few minutes he seemed to look at something very intently; then turning to Rennie Dykes, his other partner, he said:

“Dykes, I believe that the law will deal inadequately with a man who has betrayed the trust of his two best friends. There is more

to be taken into consideration in the case of Richardson than the mere theft of the money. If he is jailed for a few years, that will not bring the money back to us. Undoubtedly he has concealed it and intends to make use of it for his own purpose once he is set free. I have in mind a plan which I think will suit a young ‘blade’ of his kind exceedingly. I suggest that you and I, Dykes, will give him a ‘sporting chance’ at all of the money or none. My plan is to allow him to escape, but only at the hazard of his life. Just beneath the window out of which I have been looking, there is a narrow ledge, four inches wide to be exact. It runs to the window of the next room, a distance of twenty feet. There is also a ledge above to which a man may cling with his fingers. Now, if Richardson is not completely yellow, let him make his escape from this room by crawling along the ledge, twenty stories from the earth, to the window of the neighboring room. If he succeeds in making his escape by this means, good and well enough. He can then have the money which he values more than our friendship; if he loses his life in the attempt, then we shall find it possible to locate his private safe and the combination to it from papers which he evidently carries on his person. Let’s see if he is a coward as well as a thief.”

At these words Peter Richardson rose from the sofa, seemingly much determined to make his es-

cape at any cost. He sauntered to the window and momentarily gazed down to the street below. Slowly doffing his coat, he faced about and cast a reproachful glance at his partners in business. As he proceeded to climb out of the window, Rennie Dykes rushed forward and attempted to stop him; but Richardson had already swung out upon the ledge. Very carefully he tested the narrow coign with his toes while gripping firmly at the projecting ridge above his head. At first it seemed to him that he could not move from the spot—the venture seemed foolhardy, he supposed. To climb back through the window and face his partners with an open confession of guilt was the next impulse that seized him. No, he would not be a coward; he would rather die in the attempt; he crushed the impulse. Convulsively gripping the upper ledge with his fingers and planting his toes firmly on the lower projection, inch by inch, he began to push onward.

A sudden noise startled him. He was about to look down to the street below when he felt his fingers growing slippery with perspiration and his feet becoming limp. With an effort strengthened by the fear of death, he regained his balance. Still clinging to the wall of the building like a fly, he minced onward. But now his knees began to feel abnormally large; they were in his way. His elbows, too, began to stiffen as if they were paralyzed. Throughout his entire body he felt

awkward and clumsy. Adding to his predicament came the disheartening sense that he had not yet covered more than one fourth of the twenty-foot distance to the window.

In the office room which Peter Richardson had just left, his two former friends and business associates were anxiously awaiting the outcome of his venture. Neither of the two dared to look out of the window to see how he was faring. Once they were startled by hearing as they supposed, a cry of despair, but they did not stir from their places.

Meanwhile Richardson had regained his composure. He had reached the middle of the plinth on which he was edging along. But at this point the specter of fear again haunted him. He became panic-stricken, for the entire building seemed to sway back and forth in an effort to shake him off. Desperately he clung to the wall, only to feel its merciless coldness. For a moment he felt that he was lost; his grip and footing became unsteady with the appalling sensation of slipping. A sickening feeling came on him at the thought that he was clinging to a wall, almost bare of support, and that at a distance of twenty stories from the ground. The sweat of anguish rolled from his forehead into his eyes causing them to smart and blur. He found himself in a supreme struggle between life and death. In spite of his anxiety, he had made progress on his way. A glance at

the approaching window once more revived his courage. A feeling of joy ran through him as he was about to make the last few shufflings that would bring him to safety. But in the moment of his triumph, he felt that disaster was overtaking him. Something clutched at him, pulled at him; his feet and fingers slipped at the same time; he was falling, falling to his death. He saw no more; he merely felt that he struck something, and like a drowning man grasping at a straw, he grappled furiously at the object, only to find after a moment of delirium that he was holding to arms and hands even as arms and hands were holding him. What he had struck was the window sill, for Rennie Dykes, who had hurried to the neighboring room and was waiting for him to come within reach, had pulled him from the ledge and had twirled him somewhat roughly into the window. His eyes bulged with surprise when he found himself safe on the floor of the room, but he was so weak that he could not stand; limply he sank into the chair to which Rennie Dykes led him. A glass of brandy sent a surging warmth through him, and very soon afterwards nothing but the memory of his horrid experience remained.

"All right, Richardson?" asked Dykes.

"O. K. in a second," was the reply.

"I've ordered a taxi," continued Dykes, "it will be here shortly.

After a brief ride, Peter Richardson found himself in his own apartment. Wearily he stretched himself on a lounge, wondering what he would do next. He had scarcely begun to doze when a knock at the door jerked him to his feet. As the door opened, he saw in outline the person of the pretty Mrs. Ethel Leavesworth, the wife of his business partner, John Leavesworth, at whose hands he had fared so roughly.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you, Mr. Richardson," said Mrs. Leavesworth somewhat abashed. "Where have you been all the while? You may understand that I am anxious to see you after what happened in the office day before yesterday. My husband had been telling me about the money gathered by the Rubber Company, and, since I have decided to leave him, I determined to lay hold of the money, for surely I shall need it because the young artist whom I intend to marry, is penniless. You alone know that I took the money, and you alone know of my intentions. Can I trust you to stand by me in this matter? That is what I came to ask of you."

"Trust me? Any time, Mrs. Leavesworth. Yes, I know that you took the money. I know how you duped me into opening the safe for you. Upon pretense that you were worried about the company's financial affairs, you wanted to see the cash. I trusted you, fool that I was. I trusted you because of our former friendship. I had no inkling as to

what you were planning. Furthermore, I had no definite information as to your contemplated escapade with the young artist of whom you now speak. Though I heard you speak of it, I took it as a joke. Since I now discover that you are serious, I shall also become serious and shall speak to you as a friend. For the sake of plain common sense, Mrs. Leavesworth, won't you change your mind? It is you whom I want to save. Return the money, and do it quickly. Drop your idea of eloping with the young artist of whom you speak. Why, John Leavesworth has been a dutiful husband to you, has he not?"

"John has been kind to me, I admit," replied Mrs. Leavesworth, "but he neglects me; he lives only for his office; he seldom speaks to me. I may as well be a maid about the house; plainly, I'm tired of him. I cannot change my plans. I ask you only to stand by me in this affair by keeping silent. Save me, save me, Mr. Richardson!"

"Save you? That is what I have been doing at the risk of my life and in the face of losing the friendship of my partners in business. I could have told your husband at once that you took the money; that you fooled me into opening the safe, and then, while directing my attention to other affairs, you made your escape. But I wanted to save you for your own sake and for his sake, and I mean to save you even now from the folly that you are about to commit. You know that

John is an able man, a splendid husband to you. He has provided a comfortable home for you; he has denied you no pleasure whatsoever. You have all the money you want; all the amusements you desire. It would be short of insanity on your part to leave him. For you he has at all times been like a strong vessel on the stormy sea of life, a vessel in which you could rest safely from all distress. Why then would you leave him?"

Peter Richardson saw that his words were taking effect. Mrs. Leavesworth turned from him and began to sob. Presently she said, "I believe that I am sort of a fool. Coming to think of it, John has been kind to me in all the affairs of life. How could I think of leaving him and of ruining the firm to which he and you belong. Oh, I am a fool! Help me out of this pinch, Mr. Richardson, please do help me."

"Putting the king back on his throne, eh? Well, you'd better go home now and make a straightforward confession to your husband about the entire matter. If you need my help, phone me, and I shall be on hand immediately. Good night!"

"Thanks, Mr. Richardson," stammered Mrs. Leavesworth as she left the room.

After this lengthy interview, Mr. Richardson sought to rest. He felt completely exhausted because of his recent ordeal, and the serious talk with Mrs. Leavesworth had put an

added strain on his nerves. He lay on his lounge and went to sleep. After what seemed but a few minutes to him, but had been several hours, he was awakened by the ringing of the phone. He picked up the receiver only to find Mr. Leavesworth anxious to talk to him.

"Hey, Buddy, you're a card," came the voice of Mr. Leavesworth now changed to the utmost kindness. "You have my profound apologies. My wife has told me everything, yes, she spilt the entire story. But why did you not tell me and Dykes at once? Why did you accept all the rude treatment bravely and without a word that we gave you? Why did you rush for the door after what I said in the office? I don't understand these things. Certainly, I shall speak at greater length to you about these matters when next I am with you. But why—"

"I wanted to save Mrs. Leaves-

worth from embarrassment and you, too, by having her tell you the whole truth about the matter. That, and that only, explains the entire reason for my conduct. If at that time I had told you about the money, you would have popped off in a rage; now you are calm, and I hope that things will remain calm between the both of you. Good luck to you!"

"Pete," returned Mr. Leavesworth, "you're a medieval knight; you are more than that, you have all knighthood beat. When I think of what you did to save me and—her—well, I'll tell you later. She is here now for keeps, thank goodness. I'll never be able to—"

"Ah, forget about it, John," interrupted Mr. Richardson and replaced the receiver. Passing his hand wearily over his forehead, he returned to his lounge satisfied that his adventure in kindness had proven successful.





The Passing of Axioms

Ambrose J. Heiman '35

CONCEALED under the mantle of would-be proverbs, untruth has shackled the minds of yesterday; it is shackling the minds of today; it will shackle the minds of tomorrow. Because some nonsense has been uttered by the world's "know-everythings"; catalogued by divers scholars; superscribed by some literary "high-lights" as truth personified; and read by most of the educated world, it is not impossible that it may contain falsehoods. So-called adages have formed life's only litany for far too many brainless victims.

Although Franklin is not considered a liar, he says, "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself." In the time of Franklin, this statement was, perhaps, true. Now, however, the time has come when man must discard the notions of the past; when he must follow the road of greatest efficiency. If a person were obliged to manufacture his own wearing apparel, to repair his own machinery, to tutor his own children, what would happen to modern civilization? Since the downfall of the own-your-own-home society movement and the advent of

the burn-your-own-home mania, just what would be the result if a social leader could not secure an experienced artist to apply the match to his paternal mansion? With the many complex conditions existing in the world today, civilization would soon fall into ruins, and primitive methods would again take the wheel, if people were to act individually. If Franklin, the illustrious, were living today he would probably alter his saw to read, "If you want a thing done well, don't do it yourself."

If primitive methods were the guiding force of today, "Paddle your own canoe," would be fair advice. In modern civilization, however, this adage will not always successfully resist the penetrating power of water. Because the Indian paddled his own canoe, must the civilized American do likewise? Must the nineteen thirty-four business man lower himself to the standards of the savage red man? Against this state of affairs many weighty arguments can be arrayed. In the first place Mr. Jones must purchase his "Betty-Lou;" in the second place, for an extensive journey a frail canoe

necessitates too much danger and too much loss of time. Again, man must adopt the route of greatest efficiency. In this case, if anyone with grey matter in his head will travel by steamer he will certainly save time and, in the end, money as well. Of course, this adage is usually taken figuratively. Even in this sense "Paddle your own canoe" is only senseless jargon for it means, "Do it yourself, Buddy," if it means anything.

In speaking of pecuniary matters; does the early bird always get the worm? If he is too early how can he get it? Since this welcome little animal has no pedal power, he has, perhaps, been unable to embark upon the silver platter of economical gain. If he has arrived, the too-ambitious man will wish to satiate his gnawing desires to an inordinate degree, will miss the worm, and will end by imbibing the poison of bankruptcy. Since some men do not know when to stop, if they plunge into a proposition without thinking, let them follow the man who thinks, then acts; let them follow the man who always gets the metaphorical worm.

Some proverbialist affirms, "Poor men's words have little weight." Edward Rowland Sill's fool is not a millionaire or a king. No type of person lowlier than the feudal court fool, that is, lowlier than he was considered to be, can be found with the possible exception of slaves and basest criminals. Yet, when

this poor, humble creature had finished his prayer,

"in silence rose
The king, and sought his garden cool
And walked apart, and murmured
low,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The words of the humble jade struck home. The poor man's word is often more fruitful than the polished nonsense of the aristocrat.

Among the adages of today and yesterday many more misleading pseudo-apothegms stand in the lime-light. The apothegm,

"Gold rules the court, the camp, the
grove,
And married men and men in love."

may apply in some cases. If, however, one has even a small allotment of that portion of sensorial power which every man should possess, he will not suffer gold, since gold is often the devil's fish hook, to rule him. In some instances "Dogs wag their tails not so much to you as to your bread," but, in an animal worthy of the name "dog" it is love which prompts his joy at the approach of his master. The biggest lie, however, is "To make a happy couple the husband must be deaf and the wife blind." This statement is absurd. To make a happy couple, all that is necessary is love, cooperation, and sympathy.

Besides the many adages which are inapplicable to human life of today, there are also many which contradict one another. Where J. H. Bailey says, "Absence makes the

heart grow fonder," the Spanish proverbialist states, "Absence is love's foe, far from the eyes, far from the heart." Between "Look before you leap" and "Nothing venture, nothing gain" this opposition is likewise evident. Which of these is true? Probably none are absolute falsehoods, but not one is unvarnished truth.

It is not enough that some so-called proverbs are false when first printed. In translating from one language to another, many stupidly make lies out of truth. Rev. Francis Donnelly, S. J. claims that the famous expression, "The exception proves the rule," is the desperate refuge of a man confronted with a case where his general statement is found not to work." He affirms that the real translation of "Exceptio probat regulam (in casibus non exceptis)" is, "Exception strengthens the rule for all not exempted, for when the law explicitly exempts certain classes, the law maker has had all classes in mind and so wishes the law to hold more cogently for those not exempt." What can the masses believe if translators cannot be trusted?

In many cases, moreover, the proverbialist did not even put credence in those falsehoods which he passed down to posterity. In "Popular Fallacies," Charles Lamb betrays the author of "Enough is as good as a feast." He says, "The inventor himself did not believe this. It was made in revenge by somebody who was disappointed of a re-

gale. It is a vile, cold, scrag-of-mutton sophism, a lie palmed upon the palate, which knows better things."

A recent editorial states, "Occasionally the slogan ways of the American people appear as naive as they are inevitable. There is an indomitable spirit of reliance upon a good phrase to control an event and direct an outcome. There is almost a voodoo significance given to the magic of a few suitable words." This quotation refers to an incident at the World's Fair of 1933. When the drys, as is the usual custom of professional kickers, protested against the entire program of giving two thousand barrels of free beer to the public on November eighth and against calling this day, Personal Liberty Day, the committee of entertainment decided to call the day, Personal Responsibility day. This decision has pleased all, "giving the beer to one side, the slogan to the other."

If men were to believe and put into practice every pseudo-maxim that has been printed, they may as well be parrots. As a parrot repeats what he hears, so men would repeat in their actions what some jolly good fellow, in a spurt of enthusiasm, has recommended. Rather, men should be as eagles, soaring aloft, thinking for themselves, and acting according to the dictates of conscience. For all men the chosen motto should be, "Common sense and truth before so-called proverbs."



Dostoevsky

V. J. Volin '34

His animated lines reveal a soul
That searches through the depths of human grief
And flaunts before all tyrants eyes a page
Of mortal sorrow with its deadening pains.
To free his fellow men from durance vile
He had accepted as a task by love imposed,
But cruel Fate thrust forth its claw and tore
His heart, yet 'twould not die as death decreed.

Then, as his words assumed emboldened phrase,
He saw from gibbet high a dangling noose
That was designed to choke those words of love
Which he poured forth to heal inflicted wounds.
Yet nothing daunted in his great resolve
He helped to break the bonds of servitude.



Snowfall

C. F. Scheidler '34

Black with portents hang the clouds
In twisted heaps, as stand
The trees on battle fields, when war
Has wreaked its havoc. Land
Below awaits the Winter Prince,
Who, willing, waves his hand.

With lusty blast, he winds his horn:
Behold, through frosty air
He comes arrayed in dazzling robe
To bid the Earth, prepare
To drop its brumal brown and live
Again in beauty fair.

Through whirling drafts and sighing winds
He hurls the dancing snow
To clothe the Earth in fluffy white.
Now——, calm once more to show
All Nature bowing deep in prayer
Its gratitude to show.

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Editorial

A DEBATING TEAM

THE organization of a "varsity" debating team at St. Joseph's certainly presents a stimulating problem. Intercollegiate athletics are running along smoothly; why then should not intercollegiate debating provide equally satisfactory results?

As an extra-curricular activity, intercollegiate debating has met with ever increasing popularity in schools of every kind throughout the country in recent years. That it is an exciting experience, and that it is of more than passing value to students will not allow questioning. The poise, the self-confidence, and the ability to think rapidly, which it develops, are assets in every way desirable. That it is, moreover, a valuable addition to any public speaking course, no matter how otherwise complete, bars all doubt.

In the literary societies at St. Joseph's, debating has always been in order, but it must be admitted that the extra impulse coming from

intercollegiate debating would engender new life into this long-standing activity. That the local course in elocution compares most favorably with similar courses given in colleges generally must be evident to any impartial observer. An increase of enthusiasm, however, would surely follow upon the organization of a "varsity" debating team in this otherwise interesting and beneficial course.

From a practical viewpoint, there are certainly no serious obstacles in the way of this endeavor. St. Joseph's major organization, the Columbian Literary Society, because of its permanent character and its splendid financial backing, offers facilities in this behalf that leave little to be desired. Naturally, the prestige of this society would be much enhanced if its members were to organize an intercollegiate debating team. We trust that the suggestions here advanced will receive thorough consideration and hearty approval.

A. F. H.

A Significant Birthday

The celebration of President Roosevelt's birthday on January the 30th, displayed a greater degree of enthusiasm than events of this kind

commonly evoke. That the demonstration of good will towards the Chief Executive was thoroughly hearty on that day requires no com-

ment. There must be a reason beyond mere admiration and good will that will serve to explain this unusual outburst of hilarity. More than likely, the parade of good feeling was intended to remind the President that the people of the land are thankful to him for his untiring efforts to relieve public distress down to the pinch of individual pauperism and need. More than this, however, may very well be considered the motive behind this popular manifestation of thankfulness. Evidently, the people have come to realize that for once in many presidential terms they have a thoroughly sincere, a truly patriotic American citizen in the White House, and a man who earnestly tries to take the good of the country at large to heart. For this fact above all they have reasons to be thankful, and their thanks are not misplaced.

That President Roosevelt may

succeed in bringing this country back to such normal shape as will make the American people oblivious of his, or of any other President's birthday, is a matter for ardent hope, but while he is bending his energies to the gruelling task of lifting the nation out of the depression there is every reason to extend the glad hand of encouragement to him, and that wholeheartedly. His strenuous efforts for the good of the public weal, of course, should not be forgotten, even if his future birthdays might not be noted. People should not act towards him as illustrated in the following lines:

"When people are sick,
They call upon God and the doctor
for help;
When again they are well;
God is forgotten and the doctor is
slighted."

J. W. M.





Alumni



WE are happy to note that William C. Murphy, 1910-'14 has been chosen president of the National Press Club. He is furthermore, Washington correspondent for the Philadelphia Public Ledger. Interesting news must surely come your way, William, but for us it will always be supremely interesting to hear from you.

In the Christmas issue of "Ripples," a literary monthly published by the members of the Milford Novitiate of the Sacred Heart, there appeared an essay of outstanding quality entitled, "Mirth and Orthodoxy." Upon the slightest inspection it revealed that Maurice Meyer, S. J., '30 was its author. After reading the splendid work we came to the conclusion that Maurice did not only retain his power of the pen, but since leaving St. Joe's he has greatly improved its mastership. It is our hope, Maurice, that you are doing just as well in your other fields of endeavor and study as you are in your writing. Let us hear from you more often and especially more directly.

The class of '34 should be interested to know that John Peterworth '34 has very recently obtained a promising position in the classified advertising department of the Louisville Herald-Post. Undoubtedly his good fortune has been the result of

his inborn ability for salesmanship. "Petey" has given us his word that he intends to surprise the class of '34 with an unexpected visit. Make your visit, "Petey," a surprise of surprises by rounding up a number of St. Joe alumni, and bringing them along with you. The class of '34 awaits "you all" from down south.

In an interesting letter Raphael Gross '32, a former book reviewer of the Collegian, tells us how pleased he is with our periodical. Furthermore, he considers it a unique magazine, and, what is more, very interesting. "Ralph" was not only an excellent writer, but he was also a lover of books; hence, as librarian at St. Joe's, he found his ambition fulfilled, because books make up the atmosphere he desired. Here is a quotation attributed to him, "Give me a book and a pipe, and I shall be a contented man."

It is reported that Leonard "Big Shot" Fullenkamp '33 and Frederick "Bags" Koch also of '33 are helping each other during their free time. No, they are not invalids. The "Big Shot" is teaching "Bags" Koch to acquire a vocabulary; as "Bags" vocabulary is said to be deficient. Meanwhile, "Bags" is aiding "Big Shot" Fullenkamp to keep away from corners. We earnestly hope that these two gentlemen will

be a great aid to each other. While at St. Joe, they were quite a popular pair, each in his own inimitable way; somehow they manage to keep in the limelight.

To hear from an alumnus who lived out his college years at St. Joseph's away back in the nineties is more than an ordinary pleasure. Hence it is that we, the students, are gratified to receive notice from the Rev. Vigilius Krull, C. PP. S.,

LL. B., (1893-98) the present vice-Provincial of the Society of the Precious Blood. Father Krull is the pastor of St. Peter and Paul church at Ottawa, Ohio. In spare moments he has devoted himself extensively to writing. One of his very excellent pamphlets is reviewed under the heading of "Books" in this issue of the Collegian. We shall always welcome further news from Ottawa. D. J. A.

Night's Magic

R. P. Baird '34

To wander in the night
Beneath the cloud-flecked, pale moonlight
And watch the twinkling stars
That play o'er land and sea
Is untold joy for me.

To watch the moonbeams dance
And coyly blend in sweet romance
With rays from Vega's lamp
In jeweled filigree
Is untold joy for me.

To see a comet bold
That in its sweeping train might hold
The story of the world
Or some fell destiny
Is untold joy for me.

To view in silent range
The heavens' works that are so strange
Is pleasure without end
Here on this earthly lea
Is untold joy for me.



Clubs



NEWMAN CLUB

AFTER their brilliant premiere, "The Silent Shape," it would seem proper that the high school Thespians should rest upon their laurels. With their usual eagerness, however, they have elected officers for the second semester. Donald Muldoon, erstwhile critic, was chosen to lead the Newmans through the next term. Edward Bubala was elected vice president; William Fath treasurer; Joseph Heidgerken, sec-

retary; and Henry Gyzbowski, critic. Diminutive Frederick Schroeder has been delegated by the Reverend Moderator to look after the the office of marshal. The following members were placed on the executive board: Norbert Dreiling, James O'Connor, Anthony Gamble. With these men as guides assurance is given that the achievements of the Society will be noteworthy.

Columbian Literary Society

Out upon the airy stretch of the second semester, like an airplane moves the Columbian Literary Society. She is a worthy ship, is strong and well appointed. Her speed and power are likewise increasing with each passing portion of time.

As moon yields to moon, so must officers go and officers come. In the position of chief pilot is our smiling, genial president, Norbert Sulkowski. Though a co-pilot, Anthony Traser sits comfortably back with dignity upon the famed "shelf,"

at last a vice president. The two make a pair in whom anyone might place his trust.

The remaining officers: the Secretary, the Treasurer, and the Chairman of the Executive Committee, are Richard Baird, Vincent Nels, and Vernon Rosenthal respectively.

Besides the inaugural addresses on the eve of Washington's Birthday, a one act comedy will be given. The title of the pleasing little play is "The Tangled Web," a skit that should prove delightful to the audience.

Raleigh Club

A natural depression which generally serves as a sequel to a vacation time, coupled with the steady dwindling of personal funds, seemed to affect adversely the spirit of the Raleigh Club. There were some who began to doubt whether the "Club"

would again return to normalcy and be the cheery, glowing rendezvous it was before the holidays.

Now, however, with the mid-semester examinations only an unpleasant memory, that certain something has returned. Again sounds from

the radio become deafening, cloudy billows heave with every slight draught, the new ventilator whirrs and purrs in peaceful contentment, while downstairs the merry click-click of those twins of noise making-billiard and ping-pong balls resound in their old-time volume. Gentlemen, the stupor has spent itself, the Raleigh Club is again fully awake. With improved facilities for

playing cards in view, Val Volin intends to remodel some of the tables. Our president, furthermore, would like to improve the lighting system. This improvement, however, must cede at present to the Club annex.

Another program, peculiar to the Raleigh Club, seems to be in the offing, for a stir is noted among the orchestra members.

Monogram Club

That the Monogram Club has become a permanent factor in the social activities at St. Joe may be inferred from a general interest shown toward the "J" club notes as they appear in the Collegian with those of the other society columns.

Full credit for resourcefulness and speed comes to the letter men when one considers their activities during the past month.

Stuffed and understuffed chairs, of the wooden type have found their way into that north west corner

of the gym. These household conveniences will serve to assuage the weariness of monogram wearers.

After a few weeks the membership of the club will increase. The basketball varsity men of this season will soon reach eligibility. The younger classmen seem to be remarkably shy and noncommittal when the Monogram Club is mentioned.

An interesting rumor persists in floating about the premises. It is said that Dom Altieri has paid his dues.

Dwenger Mission Unit

An annual feature, a short story contest was announced during a meeting of the D. M. U. members, Friday, January 13. A prize, two and one-half dollars, will be awarded to him who submits the best story. Beyond this, the Collegian will extend recognition to him by publishing his prize winning work. One dollar in trade at the Mission store will be given to the winner in each class.

After the usual business affairs had been discussed and disposed of, Edward Fischer, genial Catholic Action leader, introduced the speakers on the evening's program. Frederick Dober, the first to address the assembly, dwelt delightfully on Catholic Action in the past. Following Mr. Dober, Michael Stohr gave an insight into Catholic Action in Alaska. Carl Vandagriff and Vernon Rosenthal, the handsome

harmonizers, supplied the music. They first played a medley of "Puddin' Head Jones" and "Annie Doesn't Live Here Any More," then while they strummed softly on their banjos, Charles Scheidler rendered a vocalization of "Temptation." The meeting ended with an encore to this song.



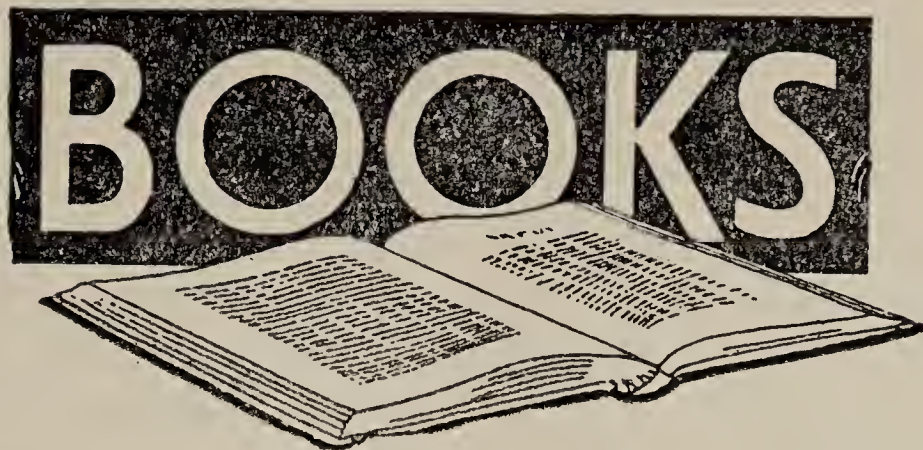
Winter

Patrick Thomas

Peace, peace is over all.
 But hark to the sudden change
 Of the lusty blast that blows
 From where the north star shines!
 Bringing in his frosty breath
 The white cold gleam
 Of death
 On hill and field and stream.
 Down come the swirling snows
 That in pale crystals fall—
 The dust of far flung frozen stars,
 And all
 The treasures of the autumn lie
 Deep beneath the pall
 Of lovely death.
 Autumn is dethroned. List to the herald Wind
 Whose trumpet sounds
 O'er field and mountain range
 To tell of Winter's coming. Grim he is and great
 Seated in such high estate
 Above the whitened hills,
 And all the land his noisy fury fills.
 Sparkles his icy crown
 As he comes swooping down
 Upon the plains.

Sharp is his dagger bright
Gleaming in the changing light,
His ermine mantle floating far behind.
The tall oaks and the green crowned pines
Like great lords bow before him—they who in pride
 would fain
Reach to the very sky
And there seek power. Ah, vain
Is power, and vain is pride;
Vain too is beauty though the whole world wide
Proclaim its worth. For Death with brazen bars
Imprisons all within the narrow room of time.

Yet let us still be joyful; let us hush our sight
When beauty that is mortal dies,
For in another clime
Immortal beauty lives, and love and loveliness abound.
Let us then await
The opening of high heavens' gate.
There is spring-time freshness in the green groves of
 God's blooming court
Where seraph children sport
Among the flowers
Through all the happy endless hours.
The full blown beauty too you'll find
Of summer in the perfumed wind.
The gild and scarlet of gay autumn spreads the forest
 lane
Where Mary and her maidens walk serene in softest
 light.
The crystal gleam of snow shines starry bright
Upon their jewelled garments white.
All the glory of the seasons homage pay
Each glowing day
To Christ the King and all His Saints, where He
In love upon each forehead signs
The gleam of immortality
In beauty's lines.



THIS OUR DAY

By James M. Gillis

IT is infrequent that a style is attained which is literary in both magazine and book. In the essays of "This Our Day" by Father Gillis, the style is editorial, but it is also a book's style. Father Gillis writes rapidly and vigorously, and with charm. His essays are piquant.

During the past ten or eleven years, Father Gillis has written the editorials of the "Catholic World." "This Our Day," through the efforts of Doctor Joseph J. Riley of Hunter College, is the chronological arrangement of these editorials. If the order were otherwise, the book would be less a history; besides there is an index. Moreover, neither all editorials published since 1922, nor the entire editorial in every case is reprinted. Father Gillis' editorials are usually long, but they are never airy; for Father Gillis is no romancer; he is a vital thinker. At places he is indignant; always he is direct.

The essays of "This Our Day" extend into all fields of human action: morality, philosophy, theology, economics, ethics, science and art. Father Gillis writes on topics of every day import; on topics

which constitute the foundation of civilization. He directs. He repudiates. His language is simple; it cannot be misunderstood. Foibles, camouflaged, slip by the crowd. Father Gillis smacks them down. Old fallacies in modern dress never gull him. His relentless logic destroys them. New shibboleths which dare challenge him rarely challenge again. He is courageous. He is interested in everything man does.

A social critic may be a pessimist or an optimist. Father Gillis detests pessimists because he is a "dyed in the wool" optimist. But optimists are emotional? Perhaps! Father Gillis' optimism is reasoned; he can give a reason for the faith and the hope that are in him. The sub-title, "Approvals and Disapprovals," implies judgment. These essays show the stamp of a balanced judgment, of an orderly mind, of keen distinction and of a virile thinker. Father Gillis is not a radical. He is a shrewd critic, who knows that he knows, and who purposes "to bring the world a little closer to the kingdom of God."

E. Mc.

NOW I SEE

By Arnold Lunn

Why do so many converts always write an apologia? This is the question we hear Catholics asking one another when such a book as "Now I See" appears on the market. This remark, however, is not made in a derogatory sense; not to discourage converts; but Catholics wonder why a convert to their faith writes a book. In the first place, Mr. Lunn wishes to rejoice with his fellowmen in finding the true faith; and secondly, since he has been in the limelight, he may be able, perhaps, to lead others on to the truth. This was undoubtedly his purpose, for he states: "If I have contrived to insinuate in the mind of, say, one reader in fifty, a lurking suspicion that Catholicism may be true, my labor has not been in vain."

Although in childhood, Arnold Lunn was brought up an Anglican, he became a definite agnostic at the age of eighteen. While at Harrow and Oxford, where he was getting his education, he devoted much of his time to the studying of philosophy and theology, rather than to any other subjects. It was by reading such books as "The Path to Rome" that he obtained certain suasions which lured him on to join the Church.

By arguing against Catholicism

with a Catholic priest, Father Ronald Knox, Arnold Lunn saw that the philosophy and theology of the Catholic Church could not be protested against. As he says, "I discovered that much of my prejudice was due to ignorance and misunderstanding." In another later controversy, he argued the Catholic position against the agnostic, Mr. Cyril Joad, in "Is Christianity True?" Mr. Lunn considered these two controversies a very good training for the Church.

Arnold Lunn is one of the few reasoners in this unreasonable age. He found great delight and comfort in reading St. Thomas because of the profound reasoning power of this theologian. And the author deplores the fact that the people of today no longer care for logic. "I believe that our national distrust of logic is derived from the fact that Protestantism is illogical."

Catholics will find delight in reading the proofs for our fundamental doctrines which Arnold Lunn expounds so clearly and energetically in his recent book. Non-Catholics will wonder in amazement at his incontrovertible arguments for Catholicism. All is done in a style which affords never a dull moment and which is often amusing.

J. L. A.

SOUND REASONING LEADS TO GOD

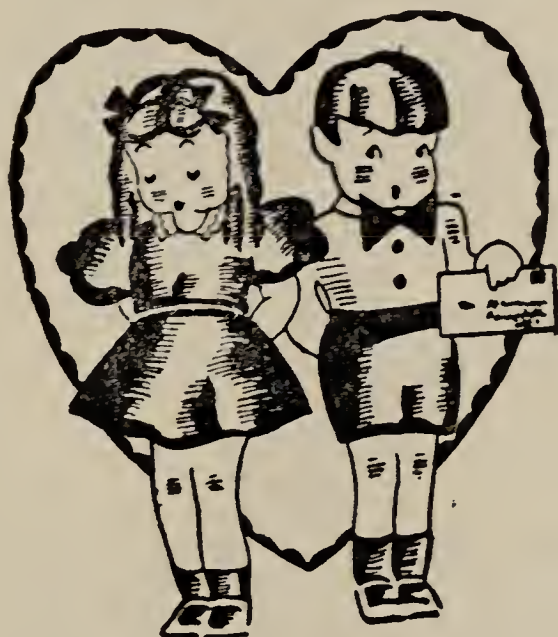
By the Rev. V. H. Krull, C. PP. S., LL. B.

Apropos, this pamphlet, prepared by Father Vigilius H. Krull, C. PP. S., arrives in the tumult of the nation's depression, economical—perhaps, rather—spiritual. The treatise "Sound Reasoning Leads to God" sets forth the irrefutable proofs of the existence of an infinitely perfect God. Father Krull's style is direct, simple, pellucid. It

can be understood; the point is that it can only with difficulty be misunderstood.

Being an aggregation of evidence, "Jesus, the Son of God," may be called a quasi handbook of Christ's divinity. "Sound Reasoning Leads to God" is no less a handbook of God's actuality.

LOCALS



STILL MORE ROOM

THAT St. Joseph's is definitely preparing for expansion may be inferred from its ever increasing landed surroundings. Recently 335 acres of splendid territory have been added to its farm, that was already considered to be a large one. Who will say that fresh air and a chance for sports will not be plentiful throughout all Collegeville? But more than this. St. Joseph's knows

how to use land for still more excellent purposes. It has tables to be furnished with food and that, too, with a lot of it. Food stuffs, fresh from the soil, are always the best; land alone will deliver the required supply in this respect. For the good health that it promotes, it is well to say, "Hurrah for St. Joseph's wide-open countryside."

Flits Along

Not so long ago, 'Shad' Horrigan, the Editor in Chief of the COLLEGIAN, was trudging his weary way toward the town of Rensselaer with a roll of script for printing under his arm. Presently he conceived the original idea—so he thought—of hitch hiking. As the next auto crashed along, 'Shad' shot out a dexterous finger in the direction of the town and accompanied the genteel gesture with a happy smirk. Miracle of miracles! The car actually slowed down. The driver stuck his head out of the window and shouted, "Hey, kid going north?" Almost out of breath with surprise, 'Shad' squawked out, "You bet," and came panting towards the car. But, oh horrors! the man in the car gave a cheery wave of his hand and sang out, "Kindly give my regards to the Eskimos," and drove off.

This piece of ugly conduct on the part of that driver got into 'Shad's' hair, and, as everybody knows, if anything gets into 'Shad's' curly locks, it is hard to get out. The predicament set his brains to working overtime on that day, for

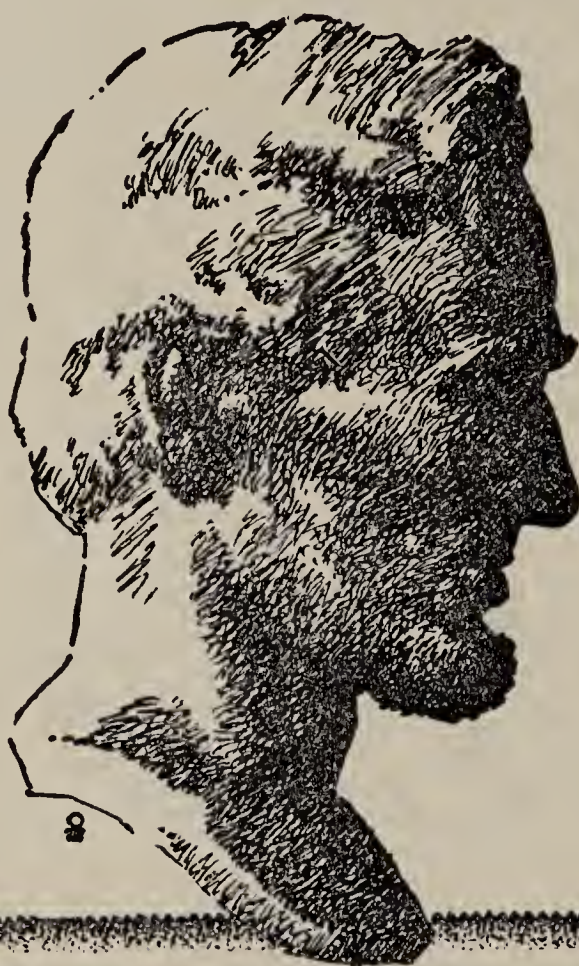
he had to develop another idea. You'll say, "Two ideas in one day? My, my, incredible!" Yes, it is hard to believe, but our word stands for the truth of it. Now what was the second idea? Plainly it was rather a degenerate one as compared to the first; but it was original, nevertheless. From somewhere

in the occipital regions of 'Shad's' brains oozed the notion to buy roller skates. Well, he bought them, so he says.

Following in 'Shad's' example several youthful students, still irresponsible because inexperienced in age, secured skates similar in kind. In consequence, one may now see numerous long, lanky figures gliding hither and thither and yon along high-

ways and byways on winged feet. Where will it end? Who can tell?

But every story must have a denouement, and here it is in respect to this story about 'Shad'. During the recent vacation days he sauntered way back "thar" to Louisville, Ky., where several little Horriganes passed him up so speedily that he could hardly recognize them.



A. LINCOLN

He finally discovered the mystery of their speed on the sidewalks with the result that one of the little Horrigans is now searching, but searching in vain, for his missing roller skates. Maybe the solution of the plot, as here given, will put many worried minds to rest. If so, we have not wasted time and valuable space for news.

Forty-Hours' Devotion

On Sunday, January 28, Forty-Hours' Devotion opened at the college with a Solemn High Mass that was sung by the Rev. I. J. Rapp C. PP. S. As Deacon and Subdeacon the Rev. C. Kroeckel, C. PP. S. and the Rev. F. Hehn, C. PP. S. assisted Father Rapp. By very special arrangement among the various classes, periods of adoration were made

continuous during these days of particular grace. A more suitable time for the Forty-Hours' Devotion could not have been selected than just the days that were chosen for this purpose. The students, having already borne the burden of the semi-annual examinations, were more than glad to spend some time in chapel to find peace and comfort in prayer

and special devotions. On Tuesday morning, January 30,—and much too soon—this beautiful devotion came to an end. It is a spiritual exercise always welcomed by the students of St. Joseph's.

Redpath Lecturer

Why is everyone around Collegeville speaking of vitamins, A, B, C, and D? The answer is, Doctor Thomas D. Quigley, M. D., spoke in Alumni Hall, on Sunday, January 21.

Doctor Quigley delivered a quite interesting lecture on vitamins and what they mean to us. We are determined now to become vitaminized in such measure that ill health will be a fable among us for all the future.

Premature Reveille

Tuesday, January 16, was one of reddest of red letter days for the Collegeville lads. On the above date something happened which we have awaited for six years. The rising bell rang at 4:45 instead of 5:45. When the mistake was discovered, we rolled over in bed "for another hour." Boy, was that a thrill?



G. WASHINGTON

Bigger Campus

Spring will find those who have an eye for beauty walking beneath apple blossoms this year. How will this enjoyment come about? Plainly, that part of the old orchard which lies east of the chapel will have metamorphosed into a campus

or park with flower beds and winding walks. Father Albin is carrying out the scheme. It is just another project in landscape gardening in which he is notably interested.

Exams!

Early Wednesday morning, January 24, the quarterly brain storm struck Collegeville. This storm raged until late Saturday morning of the same week. All survivors are expected to recover. Now that the tempest of the intellect has passed over, leaving us unharmed, we, the ol' weather prophets, take the liberty to predict "good sailing and fair weather ahead."

Sixth Year: William McKune, 97 3-7; Joseph Allgeier, 96 2-7; Thomas Buren, 95 3-7; Chester Bowling, 94 6-7; Carl Vandagriff, 94 3-4.

Fifth Year: James Scott, 93 4-7; Edward Hession, 92 4-7; William

Renwick, 92 4-7; Eugene Glaser, 92 1-2; Donald Klaus, 92 3-7.

Fourth Year: Dennis Schmitt, 93 3-7; Roman Anderson, 92 2-7; Anthony Gamble, 92 1-6; John Kavanagh, 91 5-6; Frederic Ernst, 89 2-9.

Third Year: Norman Fischer, 98 1-3; William Callahan, 97 1-3; Daniel Raible, 96 4-5; Joseph Gedden, 93 4-5; Casper Bonifas, 93 2-3.

Second Year: John Flynn, 93 2-5; Harold Judy, 92; George Grieshaber, 91 3-5; Henry Ameling, 89 2-3; Thomas Etzkorn, 88 3-5.

First Year: John Schilling, 87 1-2; Paul Kappelhoff, 87 1-3.

Stalking the Seniors

Since no serious objection was raised against the caricatures in last month's COLLEGIAN, we will try to give you the inside dope on a few more of the men about Collegeville. Here goes!

Caricatures !

Snappy dresser . . . oncoming poet . . . David Ross talked him into smoking Old Golds . . . "I got rhythm" . . . just one of the many Louisville Keltys . . . great

ambition to be a pianist . . . has a great time doing nothing . . . Chuck Kelty.

Hefty man . . . perpetual crooner . . . can wiggle his ears . . . captain of the basketball team . . . president of the Monogram Club . . . nuts about Hal Kemp's orchestra . . . sentimental gentleman from Greensburg . . . considers book knowledge

alone as a great evil . . . Rusty Scheidler.

Flaming youth . . . million dollar smile . . . smokes a pipe . . . pinochle champ . . . can do most anything with a banjo . . . was crowned in Crown Point . . . played in quite a few orchestras . . . Red Rosenthal.

Curly hair . . . often wears black shirts . . . a born basketball manager . . . tough beard . . . ships his trunk to Lawrenceburg . . . friendly fellow . . . Fritz Dober.

Song composer . . . fiend for music . . . put more mileage on the club radio dial than any other ten members put together . . . clever

writer . . . strums a mean uke and banjo . . . at vacation time he wends his merry way toward Ft. Wayne . . . Carl Vandagriff.

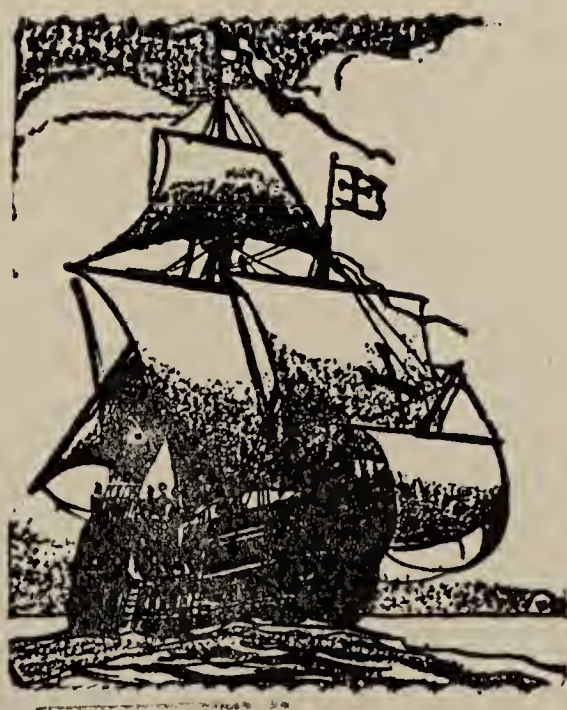
Grade A squirrel food . . . collector of old badges and buttons . . . has a corkscrew curl rising from his vertex . . . "Iggy" . . . hails from out thar in Cole Camp, Missouri . . . seconds more motions than anyone else in the C. L. S. . . Mike Stohr.

Has a real mission spirit . . . prides himself in growing mustaches . . . sings in the showers . . . president of the D. M. U. . . collector of hats . . . well known in Louisville . . . Jim Heckman.

Election of Officers

Quite recently the high school seniors held their mid-year election of class officers. These new leaders of the class of '36 are: Albert Ottenweller, President; Fred Stein-

inger, Vice President; Anthony Gamble, Secretary; Fred Ernst, the Treasurer; Albert Van Nevel, Marshal.



SPORTS

CARDINALS LOSE TO GOODLAND

ST. Joe continued to be the victim of an adverse fate and lost the first post-vacational game to the Goodland Independents 36-23. It was a rough and tumble, slam-bang contest, climaxed by two men being ordered from the floor for "unnecessary roughness," but the game was interesting throughout, regardless of the score.

St. Joe was unable to stop the one-hand shots of Stillman, and before the final gun boomed away another game, he had aggregated 16 points to lead the day's scoring. Stillman was the big gun of Goodland's attack, but there was little difference as to each man's accuracy. Goodland led St. Joe a merry chase the first half with the score standing 23-7 at the close of the first period.

Coach DeCook had stacked the Cardinal lineup for this game, and the starting lineup looked to be the "Cream of the Crop." But still the lack of accuracy in shooting failed to build up St. Joe's score, and when easy open shots were taken and missed, the team started sinking. Captain Rusty Scheidler led what little attack their was in the first half with two field goals for 4 out of St. Joe's 7 points. In the last half, Shank and Fontana led the way with the Cardinals outscoring and outplaying their opponents. But the lead was too great for the Red-Birds to overcome, and thus the

Cardinals lost their fourth straight game. It was a tough one to lose, but at least, it showed the undying spirit of the Cardinals, especially when they came back in the second half to outplay the Downstaters.

Lineup and summary:

St. Joseph's (23)	B.	F.	P.
Fontana, rf	1	2	2
Van Nevel, rf	0	0	0
Downey, rf	0	0	1
Hession, lf	0	1	4
Minick, lf	0	0	0
Traser, lf	0	0	0
Schank, c	2	1	4
Petit, c	0	1	1
Bubala, c	0	0	0
Horrigan, rg	0	1	0
Zimmerman, rg	0	2	0
Andres, rg	0	0	0
Scheidler, lg (C)	2	1	1
Beeler, lg	2	0	0
Bruskotter, lg	0	0	0
Totals	7	9	13

Goodland Indpts (36)	B.	F.	P.
Dorton, rf	4	4	2
Bell, rf	0	0	0
Don, rf	0	0	0
Harris, lf	1	0	1
Enns, lf	0	0	0
Stillman, c (C-	7	2	4
Gravel, c	0	0	1
Sheeps, c	0	0	0
Schuette, rg	2	1	1
Cockran, rg	0	0	2
Hensler, lg	0	1	2

Rowland, lg	-----	0	0	0
	-----	—	—	—
Totals	-----	14	8	13
Score at half:		Goodland	23-7.	
Time of Halves:		20 minutes.		
Referee:		Strole (Butler).		
Timekeeper:		Biven (St. Joe).		

St. Joe, 19; Gallagher College, 27

Gallagher College undertook the role of playing host to St. Joseph's in the big armory in Kankakee, Illinois, on January 20, but the Cardinals turned out to be very disappointed guests. To them went the lesser end of the 27-19 score which shoved them under the trampling feet of the Irishmen for the second time this season.

The game at Kankakee, the third game of the evening in the huge armory, didn't get under way until approximately 10 o'clock. St. Joe, taking advantage of Shank's jumping abilities, controlled the tip-off practically for the whole game. The Cardinals took the lead early in the game, but Gallagher gradually wore it down, and, at the half-time, were leading 14-15. At the start of the second half, St. Joe missed an easy crisp shot which shoved the skids under an improved Cardinal quintet. During this half, Coach DeCook started to substitute in the hope of finding someone who could adjust his eye to the big gym and plug the iron hoop for a few pointers, but no one could dump the sphereoid through the ring. St. Joe played a greatly improved offense and many

were the shots worked open, but the lid could not be pried off the basket. Gallagher played good ball, but they were completely outclassed by St. Joe's offensive system. The game was interesting on the whole, and the large crowd that witnessed it was much thrilled.

With all the difficulty that was St. Joe's lot on that night, pivot-man Shank bagged two field goals and four fouls, with Captain Rusty Scheidler sinking two field goals and a foul. Gallagher made 9 out of 15 foul tries; the Cardinals sank 7 in 17 attempts.

Lineup and summary:

St. Joseph's (19)	B.	F.	P.
Downey, rf -----	1	0	2
Bruskotter, rf -----	0	0	0
Hession, lf -----	0	0	0
Van Nevel, lf -----	0	0	0
Shank, c -----	2	4	3
Fontana, c -----	1	1	2
Horrigan, rg -----	0	1	4
Beeler, rg -----	0	0	0
Scheidler, lg (C) -----	2	1	3
Andres, lg -----	0	0	0
Totals -----	6	7	14

Gallagher Coll. (27)	B.	F.	P.
Herr, rf -----	3	3	2
Leonard, lf -----	3	3	4
Lampe, lf -----	0	0	0
Echard, c -----	3	3	4
Wulffe, c -----	0	0	0
Timons, rg (C) -----	0	0	2
Richards, lg -----	0	0	1
Totals -----	9	9	13

Technical Foul: Horrigan (St. Joseph's).

Time of Halves: 20 minutes.

Cardinals Lick Yellow Jackets

There is a saying that "Everything Cannot be Roses"; and contrariwise, there surely is an axiom to the effect that "Everything cannot be thorns." The Cardinals proved this latter statement the night of January 30 when they walloped the Rensselaer Yellow Jackets on the home floor to the tune of 31 to 20. This was St. Joe's first victory in six games, its third victory of the season—a long awaited achievement, but a rather impressive one.

The Yellow Jackets trotted upon St. Joe's glassy floor with a standing of repute. But, before the improved passing offense of the Card-Rensselaerians were unable to make much of a stand. Roy Brandenburg was the big gun for the Yellow Jackets, sinking four baskets and a foul for a total of nine points. Coach DeCook, working with the advantage of the lopsided score, substituted a lot of Cardinal men, but even with this arrangement, the Yellow Jackets were unable to roll up points. Shank was the leading scorer of the evening, amassing 13 points.

Lineup and summary:

St. Joseph's (31)	B.	F.	P.
Van Nevel, rf	1	0	0
Hession, rf	1	0	0
Traser, rf	1	0	0
Bruskotter, lf	0	0	0
Downey, lf	0	0	0
Shank, c	6	1	4
Fontana, c	1	1	1
Petit, c	0	0	0
Bubala, rg	1	0	2
Horrigan, rg	0	0	0
Minick, rg	0	0	2
Scheidler, lg (C)	1	3	0
Andres, lg	1	0	2

Totals	13	5	11
Yellow Jackets (20)	B.	F.	P.
Simons, rf	0	1	0
Phegley, rf	0	1	0
Hershberger, rf	0	0	1
Yeoman, lf	3	1	3
H. Brandenburg, c	0	0	1
Henry, c	0	0	1
R. Brandenburg, rg	4	1	0
May, rg	0	0	1
Hershberger, lg	1	2	0
Day, lg	0	0	0
Tilton, lg	0	0	0

Totals 8 6 9
Referee: F. Dober (St. Joe).
Umpire: Leuterman (St Joe).
Time of Halves: 20 minutes.

INTRAMURAL LEAGUE

Sixths Nose Out Sophomores 20-11

In the first post-vacation game, the Seconds seemed to have imbibed some yuletide spirit, for their zone defense tried severely the machine-like precision of the Seniors. The smoothness of the Sixth's play, however, showed them superior by a score of 20-11.

Fifths, 20; Thirds, 5

After a passive first half in which baskets were scarcer than oval basketballs, the Fifths stormed the drapes consistently for the necessary points that put them easily in the lead. Hartlege, of the strong Fifths, thrilled the spectators with his well-timed shots; while Sandrich led his teammates competently.

Seconds Lose a Double -Overtime to the Fourths

Take some ranginess, confidence and experience; contrast an ample portion of ambition, aggressiveness and team-work, and as a result you have the game of the season. That is what happened when the High School seniors narrowly edged a double-overtime victory over the Seconds. Kappelhoff co-starred with Sudovitch for the Seconds, but the ability of Steininger and his cohorts frustrated their attempts.

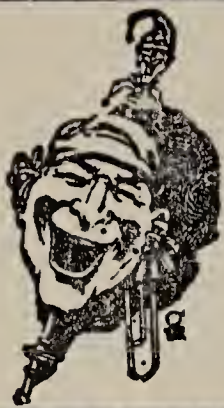
Seconds 21; Thirds 18

"Little Giants"—that's what they're calling the breezy, scrappy team from Sophomore realms. These Seconds climaxed a rampant half season by the spectacular defeat of the Third Year. Behind Dietrick's shifty footwork and unique shots, the Thirds seemed sure of victory, but superior stamina and passwork laid the victory in the Second's laps.

Seniors Lose, 12-19

The season's court classic gave the intramural-loop lead to the practical Fifths. The Seniors usual classy offense and fast break melted away before the faultless defense of the College Frosh. La-
Noue's guarding for the Fifths and McKune's speedy cutting featured the contest.





Humor



Wife: "Robert!"

Hypnotist: "Yes, dear?"

Wife: "I wish that you would come here and tell the baby he is asleep."

Don't blame a successful man for bragging a bit—no one with a good catch of fish goes home by way of the back alley.

Prince: "I see the jury acquitted the girl who killed her employer on the ground of insanity."

Albert: "Yes, and quite right too. Anybody who kills an employer these days is certainly crazy."

The fellow who thinks he is the "whole cheese" invariably turns out to be the hole in it.

Caution to the "over-ambitious"—

Many a self-made man is top-heavy.

Man in Elevator: "Fourth floor, please."

Elevator Man: "Here you are, son."

Man in Elevator: "How dare you call me son? You're not my father!"

Elevator Man: "Well, I brought you up, didn't I?"

Advice to the Thin: "Don't eat fast!"

Advice to the Fat: "Don't eat! Fast!"

Mrs. Zilch: "Yes, I heard a noise and got up, and there, under the bed, I saw a man's leg."

Mrs. MacTavish: "Good heaven's! The burglar's?"

Mrs. Zilch: "No, my husband's. He had heard the noise too."

The old-fashioned girl blushed when she was ashamed—

The modern maid is ashamed when she blushes.

Household Hints etc.—A Pinch of salt is greatly improved by dropping it into a stein of beer.

Father: "What does that '60' on your report card mean, son?"

Son: "Oh—er—that must—that must have been the temperature in the room when I took the test."

Cohen: "My Clothing Store! My Clothing Store!"

Friend: "What happened to your Clothing Store—burn down?"

Cohen: "No, I sat on a nail. My clothing's tore! My clothing's tore!"

O'Leary: "So you're going to have your tonsils taken out, eh?"

Pettit: "Do you think I'll lose my southern accent?"

Three cent postage has slowed up mail delivery in small towns. The postmaster has so many more postcards to read.

Fischer: "How did you like my paintings?"

Altieri: "They were great. Why, that one of the fried egg was so natural it nearly made me hungry."

Fischer: "Fried egg? Great Scott, that was a sunset."

People who sit and wait for their ship to come in may find it turns out to be a receivership.

Tramp: "Lady, can I have a bite to eat?"

Lady: "Are you afraid of work?"

Tramp: "Naw, lady, I can go to sleep right beside it."

People are like pins — useless when they lose their heads.

1st Topsy: "Shay, thish match won't light."

2nd Topsy: "Thash funny. It lit all right a few minutes ago."

Lieutenant (roaring with rage at the steward): "Who told you to put those flowers on the table?"

Steward: "The Commander, sir."

Lieutenant: "Pretty, aren't they."

Fischer: "Who was the smallest man in history?"

Altieri: "I give up."

As Before: "Why, the Roman soldier who slept on his watch."

And there was the Scotchman who bought only one spur. He figured if one side of the horse would go the other was sure to follow.

Everyone had a good laugh the other day in the refectory when Spitz Pettit who is a little near-sighted mistook a lemon pie for mustard spilled on a waffle.

First Irishman (in front of a jewelry store): "How'd ye loike to have yer pick of them, Mike?"

Second Mick: "Faith an' oi'd rather have me shovel."

He: "Say the words that will make me happy."

Her Father: "Stay single."

We'd like to tell the story about crude oil but it isn't refined.

A man pinned under his car after an accident was being questioned by a policeman:

"Married?"

"No," said the man, "This is the worst fix I was ever in."

Senator Xenias Coglivich sez:

"You can't lead a double life on a single salary."

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